

ST. PAUL TRAINS
TO THE COASTNew Service Will Go Into Effect
On Sunday Evening.

ELEGANT THROUGH TRAINS

INDICATIONS OF AGGRESSION
BETWEEN GOULD AND S. P.

On Sunday the St. Paul will send out of Chicago the first of the passenger trains which are to cross the continent over the Harriman lines. This service will be the finest that the company can put on the road. It has tried for years to bring about this result but until recently there has never existed between the Harriman and St. Paul interests sufficient friendliness to consummate an alliance. At times the feeling between the lines has been very bitter and the strongest rivalry existed.

This was the situation several months ago, when the St. Paul made determined plans to bring matters to a crisis and satisfy long harbored ambitions to reach the coast. Steps were taken to increase its capital stock with the end of building to the coast if it could get an outlet in no other way. It was not simply the passenger traffic, but the freight traffic which the company was after. It was not satisfied to surrender all business at the Omaha terminal.

Overtures were also under way for an alliance with the Missouri Pacific from Omaha west. All the facts named conspired to precipitate the crisis which ended in the traffic agreement between the Harriman and the St. Paul interests.

The road now has to all intents and purposes a through line to San Francisco and to Portland, Ore. Its through trains will reach both these points and other Harriman terminals. The change has made some changes necessary on the Oregon Short Line and the extra train recently put into service between this city and Ogden is partly at least a result of that agreement. The St. Paul trains are all lighted by electricity and the company claims to be the first to use electric light for lighting its coaches west of the Mississippi.

SPLENDID OVERLAND TRAINS.

Union Pacific New Limited Is a Rolling Palace.

Every year the pomp of the modern passenger express is more impressive. The new Overland Limited on the Union Pacific gives a fair idea of the trend of the times to gorgeously appointed coaches. The new coaches are richer and more expensive, but it is becoming more and more difficult to spring something absolutely new that will make the train pre-eminently the superior of all other trains.

Luxurious trains are rushing across the continent today. If the improvements continue even the trans-oceanic steamers of the present day will not retain their prestige as furnishing travelers the most luxurious means of travel.

Yet notwithstanding the wealth that is lavished upon these rolling palaces and all the efforts that are put forth to stimulate travel, it is a common expression among railroad men that the passenger departments do not pay. An official in discussing this question recently said:

"In my opinion, the passenger business is the dress parade of the railroad business. Every business has its display features, and this is ours. I do not believe the passenger department of any railroad is self-supporting. More money is spent in these luxuries than is ever received in fares. The passenger business does not pay, and never did. Every substantial enterprise has its frills and decorations, and the passenger business is no exception. Still, these fine railroad stations and finer coaches are needed in order to show what a great railroad is and how great it is."

ALL USE ONE TRACK.

Tie-up on the Southern Pacific Would Embarrass Service.

The recent threats of a tie-up on the Southern Pacific have directed attention to the value of another coast and independent of Harriman interests. At present the only coast outlets are over the northern lines or over the Santa Fe in the south, and a tie-up at any time would mean extra haulage and extra expense.

It is also true that no matter if the roads are friends or enemies, and for the moment, they have to use the Southern Pacific or go around. The Burlington, Rock Island and Union Pacific, besides the Omaha line, all use the tracks of the St. Paul, Illinois Central and the Gould properties, all use the same track to the coast. The monopoly, it is generally believed, is in the hands of one man. The result, it is claimed, will be to parallel the Harriman lines with another line from Salt Lake City west.

A SOUTHWESTERN FIGHT.

Gould and Southern Pacific Playing For a Promising Field.

There are indications of aggression between the Southern Pacific and Gould interests in the southwest. The activity of Gould in the southwest is pretty generally known, and for months his efforts have been directed to that section of the country. In this new fight, the international and Great Northern is the principal aggressor on the Gould side, and it is believed that the Texas Pacific and the Missouri Pacific may become involved.

The International has shown a marked disposition to invade Southern Pacific territory, and one project is mentioned which is particularly important in this direction. The ultimate proposition of the International is to build a road from Texas points to New Orleans, paralleling the Southern Pacific for a distance of 350 miles, and distant from it only a few miles at any point.

Resigns From Cotton Belt.

Dallas, Tex., Jan. 1.—The resignation of H. W. Wicks as general passenger agent of the Cotton Belt road was affirmed last night, when Mr. Wicks announced that he had taken up with the Kansas City Stock Yards company. J. P. Lebane, at present general passenger agent of the Cotton Belt road, will assume the duties of general passenger agent, effective Jan. 7.

Rushing the Orient.

Kansas City, Jan. 1.—Construction is in progress on the Orient road in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Mexico, and the road is to be completed as rapidly as possible. President Stilwell says the track contractors in Woods county, Oklahoma, are laying more than a mile of rails per day.

KILLED ON CROSSING.

Cynthiana, Ky., Jan. 1.—While returning from a New Year's party early today, Ray Hockman, aged 18, and Miss May Lovell were struck by a freight train. Hockman was instantly killed and Miss Lovell injured.

NEW YEAR'S DAY
AT STATE PRISONHow the "Due Process of Law"
Made Many Convicts Happy.

GAVE FIVE LEASE ON LIFE

PRISONERS ENTERTAINED IN
THE AFTERNOON.

The "due process of law" permitted five men occupying solitary cells in the state penitentiary to be awakened yesterday by the cheery "A happy New Year" of the turnkey as he made his rounds. It was an ironic salutation on the part of the prison attaché to the five men who are standing in the shadow of the gallows or the cloud of smoke from the relentless rifle aimed at their hearts, but it was meant in good faith. The guard hoped it would be a happy New Year for them—a commutation of sentence from death to life imprisonment on a shorter term behind the grim walls of the state penal institution.

The "due process of law" enabled "Dutch Charlie" to welcome the New Year, as the dawn of the day shed rays of light through the barred windows of his cell, for had his attorneys not taken advantage of it he would have been shot to death within the walls of that institution about the middle of last month. Inasmuch as they did avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them under the law to take a last appeal, "Dutch Charlie" was enabled to live to see the dawning of another New Year.

Lynch and King Saved.

Through the same "due process of law" Lynch and King are not counting the hours before they would be compelled to stand erect, blindfolded, with a white piece of paper over their hearts, awaiting the order of "Fire" from the sheriff ordered to administer the extreme mandate of the law to them that they may expiate with their lives the extreme penalty of the law for taking human life. They were to have died two weeks hence for a murder, but their cases have been appealed, and therefore the New Year's day was a time more happy to them if the last hope of existence had been abandoned.

The other two men, Peter Mortensen and Nick Haworth, awaiting probable death for the crimes they committed, awakened with a sigh of relief—that the New Year day did not necessitate their counting upon their fingers the days when they would be led out to meet their Master in conformity with the mandates of the law. Their cases have also been appealed in "due process of law."

Hope of the Life Termers.

Those who are serving a life sentence cling tenaciously to the fond dream of a commutation of sentence, or yearn for the hour when Father Time will touch their shoulders and bid them follow him to be judged beyond the great divide according to their deeds done here on earth.

But with all the prisoners at the penitentiary it was a Happy New Year—happy because they were alive and enjoying good health. It was not the same happiness that the turnkey manifested by those who enjoy liberty, but it was just as intense for the limited channel through which their feelings were expressed.

The monotony of prison life was not varied much yesterday, in spite of the fact that it was New Year's. Outside of the fact that the turnkey had to work, and were entertained by Miss Nora Gleason and a troupe of her little ones, the day was the same as any other with the men. They arose at the usual hour, performed their accustomed household duties and then breakfasted. Then there was a cessation of work until lunch time, after which Miss Gleason and her little pupils and friends entertained the men with a programme consisting of songs, music, recitations and other pleasant diversions. By that time the afternoon had been pretty well consumed; there was a short wait for supper, and then followed the usual routine before it was time to go to bed.

A NATURAL SANITARIUM.

What a Scientific Observer Has to Say About California.

Lieut. J. P. Findley, while in charge of the United States Weather Bureau at San Francisco, contributed an article to a prominent magazine on the climatic conditions of California, in which the following statement appeared:

"Theoretically, California should furnish the best and the most varied climatic conditions in the United States. Within her borders are almost every form of wasting disease should find the means of temporary, if not permanent, relief."

This theoretical statement, from an unbiased, scientific standpoint, is abundantly confirmed by experience. The cool and bracing coast climate, devoid of any trace of malarial influence from the northern part of the state to the extreme south. There is the choice between this cool, humid atmosphere and the dry, warm atmosphere of the inland valleys.

Of altitude there is a yet greater difference. From Palm Valley, 300 feet below sea level, to the upper Sierras, 7,000 or 8,000 feet above any altitude can be selected and comfortable homes be founded.

The peculiarity of an almost rainless summer, during which the injurious germs of animal and vegetable decay are destroyed by thorough desiccation, is one of the striking features of California climate.

During the rainy season it is usually too cool to facilitate fermentation, and the result is, except along some of the river valleys, an absolutely pure atmosphere. The ocean winds entering through the several coast openings, are tempered by the intermediate area passed over, and often receive desirable healing properties by taking up the resinous odors of the pines and redwoods on the Coast Range.

The skillful physician, acquainted with the climatic conditions, should find it difficult in selecting a locality where climate and environment will do all that these agencies can ever do toward the restoration of health.

There is enough of wisdom to keep the mind constantly engaged, and enough of civilization to satisfy the most exacting.

People whose systems are charged with malaria, or are "run-down" by overwork, find immediate relief in many of the permanent relief in this invigorating climate.

A variety of California literature attractively illustrated, describing its resources, famous resorts and numerous wonders; also maps and folders showing routes through trains and other valuable information, may be obtained by addressing D. R. Gray, general agent Southern Pacific Co., 201 Main street.

BABE SURVIVES
FERCE BATTLE

"Lost Bird" Taken Up by General's Wife.

STORY OF INDIAN MASSACRE

CAPTAIN GEORGE E. BARTLETT
TELLS TALE OF WAR.

A pathetic story of one of the mistakes of the United States government in its efforts to Christianize the western Indians with powder and musket balls was told last night by Captain George E. Bartlett, the famous rifle-shot. The captain had just received a letter, written in a feminine hand, in which the writer asked him to send an affidavit giving the details of the finding of an Indian babe on the battlefield of "Wounded Knee" just twelve years ago this month. The letter was from Mrs. Colby, wife of General Colby, editor of the Woman's Tribune, and a society leader of Washington, D. C., who is the foster-mother of a promising young Indian lass. This same Indian girl owes her life to the kindness of Captain Bartlett.

The girl's name is Sioux, is Ziska-nunni, which, when translated into English, is Lost Bird. Mrs. Colby is anxious to establish Lost Bird's relationship to the massacre.

"On New Year's day, three days after the massacre, I was sent to the battlefield to gather up the dead bodies for burial. It had snowed in the meantime and when my party arrived the bodies of the Indians were frozen stiff. Apparently, the work of the soldiers had been complete."

Finds Indian Babe.

"As I sat on my horse, gazing on the scene around me, and wondering on whose soldiers the blame of this catastrophe should fall, I heard a noise which I took to be the whistles of the Indians. I turned, but could not place the sound. My men also thought they had heard the cry, and we listened again. In a few seconds another noise reached our ears, coming from a pile of dead Indians off to one side. I at once dismounted and going up to the bodies found five squaws wrapped in their shawls, lifeless. In turning them over something underneath moved, and again a baby's cry was heard. Reaching down among a mass of blankets I discovered a 1-year-old Indian girl, sheltered by the dead bodies of five women, one of which was without doubt her mother. I picked up the child and, to my surprise, found her all right. It was truly a 'Lost Bird,' and I baptized her with the snow and christened her by the name of Ziska-nunni. The squaws in the massacre of three days before had placed the infant between them and used their bodies to shelter its life from the bullets of the soldiers. Under this shelter the child had survived for three days and nights a Dakota blizzard."

"I took the child back to the agency with me and gave her to a squaw by the name of Long Face to bring up and take care of. General Colby's wife heard the story and came back in Washington, and asked for the child to bring up as her own. I understand that this little war of the Dakota Bad Lands is now a beautiful young Indian girl, well educated, speaking the English language of the white man, as she never had the opportunity to learn her native tongue. The lands allowed to each individual of her tribe, although she will never know who her parents were."

SUCCESS OF MRS. PISKO.

Former Salt Lake Woman Interested in Jewish Consumptives' Hospital.

Mrs. Edward Pisko, to whose untiring efforts is attributed the success of the Jewish consumptives' hospital in Denver, and who has become a very prominent woman through her charity work, was formerly a resident of this city. Mrs. Pisko lived in Salt Lake in 1882, at which time her husband, who was a well known and remembered by many of her people and friends, died.

For some time past, Mrs. Pisko has devoted her entire time to looking after the interests of the hospital, and has been over the country enlisting aid and support for the institution. She has been receiving with favor the attention of the people, and her success in looking after the affairs of the hospital has been marked.

Through her efforts, a new addition to the institution has been completed, and will be dedicated this month. She is also engineering a scheme to operate a farm near Denver, where convalescent patients may work.

SHOT BY ACCIDENT.

Benjamin Mahoney Is Seriously Injured While Hunting.

As the result of an accident while hunting, Benjamin Mahoney, an 18-year-old young man from Albion, Idaho, is at St. Mark's hospital in this city suffering from a serious gunshot wound in the arm. An operation was performed yesterday in an effort to save the arm, but as yet it is doubtful whether the injured member can be saved or not.

GREENE TAKES CHARGE.

New York, Jan. 1.—General Francis V. Greene today assumed the office of commissioner of police, succeeding Colonel Partridge, who has been promoted to the position of inspector.

Inspector Cortright, chief inspector, who makes his head of the unit, has been promoted to the position of police inspector. General Greene suspended without pay Inspector Donald Grant and the captain who are under indictment.

Big Adv. Co., Tel. 1501 K.

Signs, all sorts. 64 W. 3d South.

Fatal "Ghost Dance."

At the time of the massacre, said Bartlett, he was acting as captain of the Indian police. "Big Foot" and a band of his people, hearing of the coming of the Indian Messiah, came down from the north and camped on the Pine Ridge agency to take part in the ghost dance, which was then stirring up all the Indians in the west.

The dance reached such a stage that the settlers became afraid of this outbreak, and government troops were rushed into that country from every direction to quell the impending disturbance. The troops were met by the band under Big Foot at my store and partially disarmed them. The Indians, their families and belongings were closely huddled together, and the soldiers kept guard, being lined up in the shape of a horseshoe, with the Indians in the center. During the first night some one smuggled a keg of whiskey into the soldiers' camp, and by the next day had consumed the greater part of this whiskey. It was the Seventh regiment, the one which had been fighting its way out of existence at the time of the Custer massacre, and needless to say they were only too anxious to take revenge on any Indians that might cross their path.

"On the morning of Dec. 29, 1892, as the soldiers lay on their arms, sudden from their night's carousal, something happened that turned the day into one of murder. A young buck, crazed from the ghost dance, suddenly arose in the midst of the 500 Indians, discharged a rifle at the same time, threw a handful of earth into the air. Then some one blundered, and 400 Indians and forty soldiers paid with their lives the penalty of that awful mistake. Without waiting to learn the reason of the strange action on the part of a lone Indian, the signal to fire was given to the soldiers. In a moment the Maxim and Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns and 300 rifles turned their withering fire on that mass of defenseless Indians."

A Scene of Slaughter.

"I was on a hill where I could see the entire battlefield. The Indians at first were amazed, then the braver of them, with a few guns at their command, tried to fight back. This, however, was useless. Uncle Sam's soldier boys unmercifully mowed down the Sioux. The Indians, seeing that they were to die, decided to die with the stoicism of their race. Men, women and children huddled together, drew their blankets over their heads and awaited the missiles of death from their protectors' guns. The soldiers on both sides of the horseshoe formation began to fall from the terrific cross-fire of their own guns and the Indian rapid-fire guns. This, however, mistaking this as coming from the Indians, kept up their work of destruction. At last about 100 of the Indians, all that were left of the tribe, broke for the opening in the horseshoe and fled for their lives. The Hotchkiss was trained on their flying forms and the victorious soldiers, as if performing their daily practice drill, mowed down the dozens as they vainly tried to reach the hills and safety."

"The sight was too much for me, and I turned to ride around the camp on my way back to the agency to tell the story to the general in command. On the way I met a half-breed lad, about 12 years of age, lying on the cold ground with a bullet wound in his thigh. Beside him lay another full-blooded Indian, dead, both his eyes being shot out. The boy recognized me and called me to him. I went to his side and he told me that a soldier on a white horse had seen him and his comrade trying to get away from the awful scene of destruction and, riding up close, had shot both of them down. The boy told me he was a son of White Hat, whom I knew very well, and I took him where he could get medical aid. I then went to the agency and reported what I had seen. The matter was hushed up as much as possible, and the world was given an account of the battle of Wounded Knee as it did not occur."

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When You Come Up Town

These cold, wintry days, you'll need something warm to send the blood coursing through your veins. We have Hot Beet Tea, Clam Bouillon, Hot Lemonade and all kinds of winter refreshments. Our oyster cocktails are real invigorators.

A. C. Smith, The Druggist
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If You Wear Shoes, You Can't Afford to Miss this Sale.

SEAT SALE OPENS FRIDAY.

LOUIS JAMES and FRED K WARDE
—IN—
Francesca Da Rimini.

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For Weak Men!

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The Guaranteed.

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